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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.
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Consistency and cohesion in the administration of public affairs is so rare as to be noteworthy. A medal or two, then, for the Kansas civil service commission in denying state employment to the cigarette smoker as well as the booze enthusiast. The anti-cigarette law of Kansas is just as prohibitive as the anti-liquor law, even though it is not enforced so rigorously. And it is only reasonable, if a trifle unusual, that state officials should set an example of respect for these laws, and all others that may be on the statute books.

The meek may inherit the earth, observes the Chicago Herald, but if the strong keep at it much longer, the heritage will not be worth much.

Truth, evidently, is also more horrible than fiction. Donald Thompson, the Topekan, and war photographer extraordinaire, is back in New York again with some moving pictures of assaults by Austrian soldiers against non-combatant Serbian men, women and children, that are so terrible that it isn't at all likely that movie censors will permit them to be shown publicly.

Unless Georgia seeks out and brings to punishment the savages who finally accomplished the murder of Leo Frank, she will stand before the world as a commonwealth whose mob spirit is more potent than the state itself. Of course, if Georgia is content with such a reputation, that, presumably, is her business. But it is a sorry commentary on civilization that is supposed to prevail in this generally enlightened land.

Possibly the time will be considered ripe again for divers other governors to tell the governor of Georgia what he should do in the premises. Minding other people's business seems to be the rule these days in every field of endeavor.

Galveston's famous sea-wall takes its place among the unusually rare things that deliver the goods expected of them in just such emergencies for which they were provided. The engineers are the boys to whom caps should be lifted. They seem to be able nowadays to twist nature around their little fingers.

Here's a facer, from the South Bend Tribune: Why is it that when a man desires to tell you a funny story he usually discredits your bump of humor by warning you in advance that the story is funny?

Things that don't happen in Kansas. They needed Wisconsin justice of the peace recently and finally found him in his saloon. An investigation discloses the fact that a New York school teacher who was retired on a pension for "nervous insufficiency" was in the habit of procuring cocktails from a saloon near her school and keeping them on tap in a flask in her classroom.

SIMULTANEOUS VACATIONS.
Doubtless many employers, when they heard the other day that Henry Ford had decided to give all the employees of the Ford Motor Co.'s plant at Detroit a two weeks' vacation at the same time, wished that they could also close their plants and get through with the vacations, says the Iron Trade Review. Certainly, it is true that when substitutes are on duty throughout the plant or office, things do not move as smoothly as when those who have had long experience with their jobs are on duty. The proprietor or head of the department would indeed be unreasonable to expect the same degree of efficiency from inexperienced employees as from those thoroughly familiar with the work. But, after all, it is a pretty poor sort of an organization which is not provided with understudies who can do their work fairly well. The

vacation period affords an opportunity for trying out many employees in more responsible positions than they usually occupy. Some plants, of course, could be closed as Mr. Ford's has been, except that a few employees could be kept on duty, making repairs and getting the plants ready to resume activity, but with many concerns a complete shut-down would be highly inconvenient, if not impossible, and much better results are obtained by the usual plan of the employees taking vacations at different times.

DR. JEKILL AND MR. HYDE.
Two pictures of John D. Rockefeller were presented in as many news dispatches on Monday. One showed him to be a hard-hearted taskmaster, a crusher of humanity. Investigators for the Industrial Relations Commission reported that his New Jersey oil concern paid wages below a healthful basis. The other held him up to the light as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, the world's best known. An announcement was made that scientists connected with the famous institute for medical research that is supported exclusively with Rockefeller money had made a discovery that, it is almost certain, will insure immunity from cancer.

A pertinent suggestion from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch: Toast to our billion wheat crop. May we never grow less.

TEACHING IMMIGRANTS.
The necessity of teaching the adult immigrant how to speak English as soon as possible after his arrival is emphasized by H. H. Wheaton of the United States bureau of education in a report just made public. With the adult immigrant's desire for instruction and ability to acquire language are largely lost," says Dr. Wheaton, "yet inability to speak English is the most serious barrier to intercourse between American and foreigners. Furthermore, employers are coming to see the necessity of teaching their foreign-born employees the English language and something of the rules of safety. Experience shows that a large proportion of industrial accidents are due to the fact that foreigners have not understood the orders of the foreman. A canvas of many employers of foreign-born workmen indicates that a knowledge of English is urgently needed. This is particularly true of railroads, steel plants and foundries." In eight of the principal cities of the United States, according to Dr. Wheaton, the number of foreign-born adults unable to speak English totals over 800,000. New York alone has 422,000. The types of schools adapted to the education of the immigrant are evening, industrial, and camp schools. "The number of classes provided by different cities," declares Dr. Wheaton, "is far from adequate." Appropriations are insufficient to provide the requisite teaching. Failure to appreciate the need of increase in accommodations is shown by the fact that 19 cities in the state of New York, with a population of 10,000 to 30,000, and with the foreign-born population varying from 1,000 to 7,000, have no public night classes where immigrants can learn the English language. Dr. Wheaton finds that private and religious agencies have largely supplemented the inadequate provisions made by the state to teach adult immigrants English and American laws and customs.

One thing also seems reasonably certain. The American people have shown any evidence so far of being as serviceable or as mighty in ironing out the troubles in Mexico as the American sword would have been.

A BARGAIN AND A BOON.

About the biggest bargain any set of Topekans have had an opportunity in which to invest in a long time is the East Side sewer. It will cost only about \$18 a lot. This may be temporarily burdensome to a few of the property owners in that section of the city, or they may so consider it, but in the long run and it won't be a very long run either, it will be a most valuable investment that any Topekans have ever had a chance to make.

Is the investigation of the charges against Warden Botkin to bear fruit of the same proportions as did the one concerning the alleged election frauds in Kansas City, Kan., where it was contended beforehand that election scandals would be unearthed that would make the unsavory ones of Terre Haute look like child's play? The character of the testimony at the opening sessions of the Botkin trial would seem so to indicate.

DIVORCE IN SCANDINAVIA.
In Scandinavia, divorce by mutual consent is the recognized way, writes Potter Daggett in the Pictorial Review for September, and she goes on: And husband and wife may reach this agreement when neither has violated any marital obligation. The law, you see, does not require them to wait until one has wronged the other, but when they have reached the point where they two know that their real union is ended, they may secure a divorce for the asking. It doesn't cost anything. There is not even a lawyer needed. The process is simple. You notify a magistrate that you are separated. You are not required to go into details. You don't have to spread your marital troubles on court records and newspaper pages. One reason is as sufficient here as when you entered into matrimony. You simply state that you no longer wish to continue the marriage. Then one party to the contract goes away for a year—in Finland, it is for only three months. At the end of the period, the magistrate hands you the papers that dissolve the marriage as quietly as it was made. If, as rarely happens, mutual consent through the refusal of one of the contracting parties cannot be secured, the process is a little longer, the probationary period of one year being extended to two. But there is always a way out. Sweden has no

less than twelve grounds for divorce. It is accomplished in a dignified way as any other partnership might be dissolved. And when it is all over, there is no disgrace necessarily connected with it. There may be, of course, the question of children—what disposition shall be made of them is decided by the court. But there is a consultation with the parents, whose reasonable wishes are respected. What they may have decided for themselves as to which is to have the children, the magistrate is quite likely to agree to, though, to be sure, if there is guilt on either side, the custody of the children is awarded to the parent capable of bringing them up to the truest manhood or womanhood. There are no difficulties placed in the way of ending an unhappy marriage up there in the north, but, with it all, there are comparatively few divorcees. Our rapid American divorce-rate is the astounding phenomenon of sociology today. One marriage in twelve in the United States, the statisticians pointed out a while ago, ended in divorce. More recently they are announcing that the rate has increased, until one marriage in eight ends in dissolution. But over there in Scandinavia, since the door has been thrown open wide, Nora isn't nearly so anxious to escape. I suspect that Helma may make more worth while for her to tarry than formerly he found it necessary. Anyhow, these are the statistics for the northland; in 1910, the number of divorcees per 100,000 inhabitants was, for Denmark, 27.2; Norway, 14.7; Sweden, 9.7; Finland, 6.5.

A Careful Dealer.
A dejected, sorrow, friendless-looking low spirited man walked into the grocery store.
"I want some clothesline," he said.
"Whatcher want it for?" asked the man behind the counter.
"To hang clothes on—the old lady's washing today."
"She is, heh?" said the shopkeeper, giving his customer the once over from head to foot. "Well, you go ahead and tell her to come down here and get it herself. The only way a fellow looking like you do can buy rope from me is on a prescription."

The Hickeyville Clarion

The entire police force, consisting of Constable Ezra Hand, was attracted to the rear of the flour and feed mill last Friday evening, from which direction a heavy firing continued. As the fusillade of shots continued the rumor quickly spread that a party of armed bandits were invading the village, and our residents turned out with pitchforks and scythes and shotguns. The constable discovered when he was half way to the scene of action that he had lost his star at home and he had to go back after it. When the first posse of villagers arrived at the spot they found Edmer Jones trying to start his motorcycle.

Lem Higgins never traveled on a railroad train for fear of accidents, so he stayed at home and watched the show on him and handed him in the hospital.

The cost of anything is of little consequence to the average man if he has money.

Trouble, at least, is one thing that almost everybody is willing to share with others.

Jayhawker Jots

Don't parade yourself as a reformer, the good advice from the Shawnee Chief. "You may need more than the other fellow."

If, suggests the Concordia Press, the flood prevention congress and the dry farming congress could get together and iron out their differences by each yielding a few points it might be a fine thing for the country.

Couldn't our beloved brother, the reporter, vary the form of sending a patient to the hospital? asks John MacDonald in his Western School Journal, and he adds: "Goes under the table" is much too old, and moreover, it suggests the guillotine.

Almost every town has some claim to distinction. John Redmond, editor of the Burlington Republican, admits that Emporia is four times as big as Burlington but he says it is claimed that Burlington has four times as many flies.

Musical suggestion, from the Philadelphia Post: Try this new ditty on your piano: "I didn't raise my Ford to be a jitney." In case you have no piano, try it on the family fine comb.

Wouldn't it be a dinger if a summer to keep as a souvenir? suggests the Portis Independent.

Lem Lump, according to the Olathe Register, was reading the other day the rules laid down by the American Magazine for attaining 100 years in age. One of these recommended, as age comes on the use each morning of a glass of one-third whiskey.

Two-thirds good whiskey. "I'd rather throw in ten years and make that two-thirds innumerable, was Mr. Lump's comment.

Cherryvale sports have revised a new way to hazard wealth on contingencies, according to a local devotee of the new game, reports the Cherryvale Republican. "The only requisite to the success of the new way of gambling are two parties, desirous of wooing the goddess of chance, several pieces of money of the denomination suitable to the 'blood' of the players and a swarm of flies. The game consists in planking down a couple of pieces of money and the winner is the whose piece of money a fly first alights. An alley, near a garbage can is said to be the ideal place for this form of amusement.

Globe Sights
BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Few women and no man can make pouting a success.

A brave man is never willing to admit a coward can't help it.

If a man runs the house, there are blamed few House Parties.

The funniest man is the one who takes himself most seriously.

A section hand shouldn't try to support an artistic temperament.

There are almost as many corn cures as corns, which is considerable quantity.

The gent you hear shouting for his rights is really clamoring for special privileges.

A good cartoon is one which lampoons some one or something you think has it coming.

A sixteen-year-old girl would be a great institution, no doubt, if one didn't have to hear her.

Just because a man doesn't believe in ghost stories doesn't save him from a lot of other bad notions.

It is also quite possible to get through college without acquiring a college education, or any other kind.

Men are very wicked, and all of that, but they don't talk nearly as much about some things as the women do.

A porter never expects a large tip from the tourist whose hand luggage is full of the old-fashioned "telescope" variety.

A soft answer may sometimes turn away wrath, but there are other occasions when an elm club or other deadly weapon is handy.

**On the Spur
of the Moment**
BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream.
And these fancy summer hotels
Are not really what they seem.

Tell me not the hash is skippy;
That the vegetables are canned;
That the only thing "as advertised"
About them is the sand.

Tell me not that summer boarders
Cuss until the air is blue;
As they long for food and comfort,
I'll believe you if you do.

In the Good Old Summer.
Bring the good old hammock and we'll have another swing.
Fanned by gentle zephyrs while the little birdies sing.
Bring the good old briar pipe, whose vapors upward roll,
Spelling sweet contentment to the overburdened soul.
Bring the good old novel that is full of chivalry,
With its dashing hero and its maid of constancy.
Bring the good old pitcher that is filled with lemonade,
And let that always tinkles when you set it in the shade.
Bring the good old clippers and the smoking jacket too.
Then we'll be all ready to enjoy ourselves a few.
Let the high-toned summer people be the heck with them.
The hammock on the old side porch is good enough for me.

A Careful Dealer.

A dejected, sorrow, friendless-looking low spirited man walked into the grocery store.
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Comparatively few women find it necessary to resort to the crude custom of rifling hubby's pockets in order to collect the cash.

MIDSUMMER.

Blue sea—and ceaseless song of it—and, far,
A gleam of white-caps on an outer bar.
The jutting gray of cliffs, the slender line
Of beaches with their foreheads in the brine.

That solitary gull's an aeroplane,
Assailed by adverse currents all in vain;
And, higher than his flight, my spirit soars
In rapture, as I ship my dory's oars.

To rise, poise, plunge, and seek the cool
In chafing mirror of the ocean's pool.
—Edna St. Vincent, in the New York Times.

The Evening Story

Lost—A Limousine.

(By Clarissa Mackie.)

Mr. Kenneth Blake's library was a quiet domain, a place of refuge and solace after a busy day. The famous writer of detective stories was now sitting at his desk, his pen poised over a pile of proof sheets and the sound of his typewriter a soothing accompaniment to his thoughts.

He pulled the instrument across the desk and took down the receiver.

"This," spoke a crisp business-like voice at the other end, "is Henry Kensington, of 51 Wall street. Someone has gone off with my motor car, a limousine, No. 16,824. Have some of your men trace it, will you please? It was standing down here in front of my office and—what's that you say, no police headquarters? Why didn't you say so before, confound your impudence, sir!" And the indignant Mr. Kensington rang off.

Blake hung up the receiver, leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Wouldn't that get you?" he inquired of the empty air. Suddenly he started laughing and considered thoughtfully.

"I'm blessed if I don't trace that limousine myself," he decided. "Thankfully my habit of walking in the streets on this telephone pad, I've got the car number, and who knows but what I may get a yarn out of it, although most likely it's only a case of sordid theft. My first visit will be to the traffic cop down there at Wall street."

Blake possessed a speedy little electric car of his own—one of the results of many detective stories well told—and in a short time he had left his home in Washington square and had reached the traffic officer at the busy downtown corner.

Because Kenneth Blake had been born lucky, he obtained a faint clue. "Thank you," he said, "I'll be back at 16,824 because the driver had not observed the mighty wagging of his official thumb and had slipped around the corner and up Broadway like a flash."

"A big ginger colored car, sir," he explained to Blake. "I've telephoned headquarters and they've ordered the car to be reached Forty-second street."

Blake whirled around and bore uptown, pausing now and then to get new directions from the traffic officer, and always he heard of its speed, of its number being taken, but never was it arrested in its northward flight.

At last he traced it through the Brooklyn district, along the roads through Westchester, feeling a growing interest in the chase. And, then, in the loneliest part of the highway, he saw the ginger-colored limousine, a remarkably pretty face looked anxiously from the window.

"There he is," he noted, as he slowed down beside the limousine. "The plot thickens. Enter the heroine!"

"What's the trouble?" he hailed cheerfully.

"I don't think you can do anything, thank you. I won't detain you," protested indignantly the woman who sat in the limousine. "I'll change tires for you. Got spare ones?"

"I think so, but, please—if you will go on—we'll shall get along all right," she said nervously.

"You're driving this car?" demanded the writer of detective stories. "Yes."

With Mr. Kensington's permission she asked, regarding her keenly. She looked thoroughly frightened.

"Not exactly. How did you know it was his car?" she demanded defiantly. "Are you calling the police station and giving the number of the missing car?"

"And you—you are the police?" she gasped in a horrified tone.

"No, no," he evaded, "but I am tracing the car. I think you better let me change the tires and then go back to the city with me."

"I cannot do that! Oh, dear, what shall I do?" she sobbed softly.

"Let me change your tire—and you may leave when you please," said Kenneth, gruffly, jumping from his machine. He thought it odd that the girl did not leave the car while he worked. It almost seemed as though she was on guard, so closely did she remain within the limousine, and when he had finished his task she held out a small gloved hand through the lowered window.

"Please add one more kindness to the others," she pleaded.

He stepped back, hat in hand. "What is it?"

"Please go back to town and forget me the limousine. It is all right—it will be returned to Mr. Kensington before night."

"Very well," he nodded, and, climbing into his own machine, he turned about and went back to town, the memory of the girl's face driving all other thoughts from his mind.

Who was she and what was she doing with the ginger-colored limousine that belonged to the Wall street magnate?

At 11 o'clock that night he called up Henry Kensington's residence and ascertained that the missing limousine had been safely returned to its owner. The English butler was most emphatic in his protestations that the whole matter had been a mistake.

"I'm all right, sir," he assured Blake. "Mr. Kensington made a mistake, that's all. Thank you, sir."

Blake hung up the receiver. "The girl was right, after all. I wonder just what excuse she could put over on old Henry Kensington."

He was soon to discover, for within a few days he met the girl out at the Bay-side Country club.

traffic officer. He managed to escape and went to father's office, just as we reached there he saw the police coming and he jumped into father's car at the curb and I got in, too, and we went to New Haven. He was inside the limousine on the floor when you talked to me. You suspected something like that, didn't you?"

"I knew you were in trouble, and as I am a writer of detective stories and something of an amateur sleuth I was interested, but—A far away look came into his eyes."

"But?" she prompted.

"But, do you know, Miss Kensington, I believe that this is going to be the most interesting plot I ever tackled—and surely the most complicated."

He had the grace to blush then, for in the quick flash of her eyes he guessed that she had understood his meaning.

It was a story that ended happily, too. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Gunpowder Making.
Workers in gunpowder plants, whenever a storm comes up, adjourn to the watch-houses surrounding the plant proper and enjoy themselves till the storm is over.

Lightning is not the only danger dreaded in a gunpowder plant, however. Metal is dreaded—its hard surface may cause explosions—and hence on the workmen's clothes the buttons must all be of bone.

The workmen's clothes must be poor, so that they may not carry matches or knives, and a woman, no matter how dandified his tastes, must not wear turned-up trousers, since a turn-up gets it harbored, and grit in a gunpowder mill is as dangerous almost as fire.

In all the buildings of these plants not a nail-head or any part of iron is exposed. The roofs, too, are made very slight, so that in the event of an explosion they will blow off easily. The doors all open outward so that they may be blown open, and the plant is usually surrounded with a stream of water into which the hands are trained to dive at the first sign of danger.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Solving a Problem.
The arithmetic lesson that day had been hard and trying, and now, at the closing hour, Tommy stood before the teacher, waiting to hear results.

"Your last problem was wrong," was the verdict. "You will have to stay after school and do it again."

Tommy looked at the clock. "Tell me, please, how much am I out?" he asked.

"Your answer is two cents short," Tommy's hand dived into the pocket where his most treasured possessions were stored. Swiftly he separated two pennies from a bunch of shoestrings, financial and some marbles and pieces of chalk.

"I'm in a hurry, please," he said, "if you don't mind, I'll pay the difference."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.